

THE MINISTER'S WIFE

(CONCLUDED.)

It was not the reputation of the Rev. Silas Ormsby that drew so large an attendance at the little church on the next Sabbath. Curiosity led most of those who wore bonnets and crinolines thither, for in his very first prayer the old gentleman uttered a devout and earnest supplication for the pastor of the congregation, who at that very moment, perhaps, took unto himself the solemn obligation of married life. Might Heaven give him strength, and bless him and his young and pious wife, etc. It was a prayer worth listening to, but the ladies of Appleblow heard nothing after the word wife. They were lost in astonishment; and hurried out of church, after the benediction, with indecent haste, to discuss the affair by their own firesides. And on Monday, when it was known by all that black Betty, the charwoman of the place, was engaged to scrub and scour the parsonage; that an ingrain carpet had been sent down from New York for the parlor floor, and that a tea-set had arrived in a box, marked "this side up, with care," the certainty of the astonishing fact became established, and Appleblow joined in denouncing Mr. Redlaw as a despicable flirt. "And," said the plump mamma of the nine scraggy Misses Fish, "of all men, a minister should blush to earn such a reputation. Nobody would believe the attention he has paid my girls. I couldn't tell which one of 'em he wanted, he was so particular to all of 'em."

Other mammas said much the same, and during the afternoon a procession of "help" might have been seen on the road leading to the cottage, carrying white paper parcels containing principally small volumes—"Practical Piety," "Baxter's Saint's Rest," tracts and hymn-books, presents from Walter Redlaw to the sisters of his flock, now returned with indignation. The excitement lasted all the week, and was still strong on the next Sabbath when the minister walked up the church aisle with a beautiful girl upon his arm, and the Appleblow girls looked upon a face so exquisite that none of them could resort to the usual course of declaring her "not the least good-looking."

They were decorous and prudent in Appleblow, and all the forms of courtesy were gone through with. The new minister's wife was invited out to tea, was called upon by the ladies of her flock, and was favored with a donation party; nevertheless, there was little cordial feeling in Appleblow. The ladies did not take kindly to their pastor's wife and soon the clouds began to gather. At first, in secret whispers, Mrs. Redlaw's bonnet was too gay, she was frivolous, not a good housekeeper, not zealous in good works. By-and-by louder, more serious fault-finding, not only with the minister's wife, but with the minister himself.

The women began it; the men were talked over by their wives; finally the first step was taken. "Squire Gorse and his family gave up their pew, and found themselves more edified by the Baptist clergyman in the next village; others followed their example. The fault-finding and slander reached the parsonage itself and little Rosa Redlaw, with her head upon her husband's shoulder, sobbed: "What shall I do, Walter? I meant to help you, and to make them all like me, and you see it is."

The young clergyman soothed his wife and bade her have no fear, for matters would mend, and be right again. He was a good man; and, a year after his marriage, came to the aid of trustees waited study, and bemoaned they paid a large salary to the pastor to do his hom money—absolutely the church, besides, his wife instructed in her herself generally. His wife was not very unpleasant as they consummated new, in a was about healthy end of revival blow, s in they ill-ad

an un-est, inst-ors of p-er Apple- his book- of them. T-illies of ch- w, and a dra- allpox!" law left his al service over-ldren of one mother called r husband, to d with these at time, never who dwelt best. Iren sickened-ence. Horror- n, and they a great lazar- w said to his quickly, dear alls upon our

left her seat, ing her head l sat before id-like fash- he sheltered- pered: "My- o, for I must- watch with he comfort the be all they

think of me, if I, their pastor's wife, fled at such an hour."

The man listened at first unconvinced. "We owe them nothing," he said; "they have used us shamefully. Remember, I am actually their pastor no longer."

But his wife gently pleaded; pleaded to stay midst the danger, to aid him in the duties which would fall to him amidst the sick and dying; and, touching his heart and soul by her sweet Christian spirit, brought him at last to say: "You shall have it as you choose, Rosa; we will stay amidst this hard, heathen-hearted people in their hour of trial; but, God sparing us, we will leave them when it is over, and go elsewhere."

And Rosa Redlaw rejoiced and thanked him. But bye-and-bye a natural womanly dread came into her heart, and she looked at him with tears in her dark eyes. "Walter," she whispered, blushing as she spoke, "you have often called me beautiful. Should I lose that beauty, could you love me still? Should this pestilence, falling upon me, scar and mar my face, would I be as dear to you? Speak truly, darling."

But he had no need to speak, for she read the constancy and purity of his love in the one long look he gave her, and sobbed upon his shoulder—"Nay, then, I shall have no fear."

At dawn the two went forth upon their mission.

In their selfish horror, kinsfolk fled from each other. Sisters shrunk from those who had been nursed at the same breast, children deserted their parents, friends grew brutal to each other; but those two young creatures never swerved from their appointed task; like ministering angels, they went from house to house, aiding the over-taxed physician, supporting the mother's failing courage, coming to the lonely and deserted in their greatest need. Sometimes they were together, but more frequently apart, there was so much to do. When they could, they met at night in the old parsonage; but often dying couches or sick beds, where lives hung in the balance, kept them separated for several days. But their hearts and prayers followed each other always.

It was a trying time, but they were very brave and faithful. Some of those who had been most cruel to Rosa Redlaw were her patients now, and lay helpless as infants while she fanned the flickering flame of life within their bosoms.

When, save for her, no friend had watched beside the couch of loathsome disease; when in the death-room, pestilence-haunted, she sat all night and watched; when her own hands robbed the dead infant for its last mission, and it was known to all what mission she had taken upon herself, wonder filled the village, and in a little while there arose to Heaven so many prayers for Rosa Redlaw and her husband that, had the Mohammedan belief been true, they need have had no dread of the "burning path," it must have been paved so thickly.

And in time, though that day was slow in coming, the pestilence began to abate, and health came to Appleblow again, with the sharp frosts and keen cold air of the Christmas time. On Christmas day joy-bells were rung from the steeples in Appleblow, to tell the people that the rod was lifted. But before night sad news ran through the village. She who had watched with them, who had been so tender and so faithful, who had passed through those fearful scenes when the pestilence was at its worst, as though she were a charmed life, was smitten, now that she was no longer needed.

The shutters of the parsonage were closed, the windows darkened, silence as of death reigned throughout its rooms, for the angel of the house lay trembling on the margin of the grave. Another pastor preached this Sabbath in Appleblow, and all knew well why he was there. Walter Redlaw watched beside his darling's bed, and never left it day or night.

Penitential tears fell in Appleblow that Sabbath; prayers went up to Heaven for pastor's fair young wife, and the angels heard them, and heard also those of the young husband, and bore them through the gates of Heaven, and sang them to celestial music at the foot of the Throne, telling how good she was, and how true, and so fit for heaven that it were a mercy to less perfect mortals to let her stay on earth.

And the Most High listened. The death angel's wings flung their shadow on the portal of the parsonage, but did not pass it; and, pale and feeble, but with life still strong in her young breast, for she clung to her husband with all a woman's earnestness, and loved earth for his sake, Rosa Redlaw lay at last free from the burning fever, certain to live—so the old doctor said, with tears in his gray eyes.

But was she sure of her soft, child-beauty, of her pearly skin, of her hair, of her bright blue eyes? alone could tell. But Walter, g over her, thought of the promise made her on the day when eral and knew, knowing how was to him, that no change rling's beauty could change the darkened room, health- ing balm; and the sun- n, and the soft air breath- e lattice, and the birds- golden cages and the- her kitchen, where she- cesses for the convales- came a Sabbath at last- s well enough to go to- r husband. ew it, and the church- it upon the grass in the

church-yard groups were gathered, girls and boys, young married couples, old folks who had seen their grand-children grow to be men and women and die. And, waiting in the morning sunlight of a pleasant winter day, they saw their pastor coming along the frost-hardened road with his wife upon his arm. They came nearer, and they saw how frail her form had grown; but still her veil was down, and they could not see her face until standing amongst them, she put it back, and then—yes, breaths were held, and all eyes riveted upon those features; and there was a hush, unbroken, until a child's voice, clear as dropping silver, arose upon the air: "Oh, mother, look; the lady is just as beautiful as ever." And then, though it was Sunday, and in New England, and beside a church, a cheer arose upon the air, and men tossed their caps on high, and women sobbed; she sobbed also, beautiful Rosa Redlaw, thanking God for all his love, and thanking Him also, as a woman must, that He had not taken from her the charms in which her husband took such tender pride, and of which, for his sake more than for her own, she was also just a little proud, though she had laid that pride aside, knowing well her danger, when she went forth upon her mission.

They never spoke against the minister's wife after that in Appleblow. Amongst them she lived and moved as might some loving queen, and dwelt in the old parsonage, beautified as the temple of some saint might have been, until her youth changed to maturity and her maturity to age; and there you may see her yet, and her husband also, though his hair, like hers, is of frosted silver. And his grandson fills the pulpit, for Appleblow loves the race of Redlaw, and will not part with them.

Had Many Offers. Africa is the greatest place in the world for the new woman and the old maid. For the former it has its charms that would put the Bois de Boulogne in a total eclipse, and for the old maids it is a tropical paradise, where young, unmarried men, bloom in wild, tangled luxury the year around. Mrs. May French Sheldon, the African explorer, writer and lecturer, is neither a new woman nor an old maid, and yet she had sixty proposals of marriage in one day from sixty separate and distinct chiefs, each of whom was more stalwart and ardent than the others, and Mrs. French Sheldon was compelled to give each separately the marble heart. And as for the new woman, why, the African explorer says they can give our brand-newest bloomer-rigged species any number of cards and spades and then discount them. Bebe Bwana, the woman master, or the white queen man, as the merry sultans and dusky chiefs called Mrs. French Sheldon, has penetrated farther into the mysterious heart of that dark continent than any other white woman has ever done, and the other day she told a reporter a number of interesting experiences which she had among the many tribes she visited.

The sixty offers of marriage were made one afternoon after she had formally received the sultan of one of the interior districts in her tent—which tent, by the way, Mrs. French Sheldon always arranged as near like a boudoir in a well-appointed private house as was possible. She was the first white woman who had ever invaded that district and the sultan appreciated the honor and in his poor weak way tried to give a sort of torchlight procession and strawberry festival in her honor. His resources, however, were extremely limited, and after he had sacrificed a double portion of goats and had salaamed before her until he was threatened with curvature of the spine he felt that something was still lacking and that his guest was not thoroughly enjoying herself. Suddenly a happy thought struck him. Whenever a straggling white man had wandered into his preserves it had been his custom to unload sixty or eighty wives upon him and then dismiss him with a sultanic "Bless you, my children." Why not reverse the ceremony with the woman master? he argued to his secretary of state for war. The secretary thought it was a capital idea and the chiefs of all the tribes or assembly districts were ordered before his majesty and ordered to propose to the Bebe Bwana at once.

Great Tide Waves.

Those who see the rise and fall of the tides in our Atlantic harbors seldom think of the wonderful career of the moon-raised ocean-waves which cause the tidal flux and reflux. Such billows not only cross the sea, but flow from ocean to ocean, and in this way complicated movements are set going. Thus, as Mr. Vaughan Cornish has recently reminded English readers, once in every twelve hours the moon raises a tide billow in the southern Indian Ocean. When this billow passes the Cape of Good Hope, at noon, its successor is already born, and by the time the first billow has reached the Azores Islands, at midnight, the second is rounding the Cape, and a third has come into existence in the southern ocean. By 4 o'clock in the morning following its passage of the Cape the tide billow reaches the English Channel and there the shallow water delays it so much that it does not arrive at the Straits of Dover until 10 a. m. Here the narrowing Channel causes the tide to rise very high and almost puts an end to the wave. In the meantime another branch of the billow runs around the western side of the British Islands, rounds the north point of Scotland, and moves slowly down the eastern coast of England, until it finally flows up the Thames and laps the wharves of London.

INFANT ELOPERS.

A Three-Year-Old Couple Found on Their Way to a Minister's.

The youngest eloping couple on record spent several hours in Allegheny Central police station yesterday afternoon. They were Charles M. Douglas, aged 3 years, and Margaret Carpenter, aged 3 years and 6 months. Both tots are flaxen-haired and blue-eyed. They appeared much in love with each other, and were somewhat indignant because they were prevented from going to a minister to be wed. Miss Carpenter had her arm linked in that of her boy lover, and they were hurrying along North avenue, headed for a minister's house, when a lady met them and asked them where they were going.

"Mardret and me's doin' to get married," spoke up Charles, while Margaret hung her head and blushed. The lady laughed and asked Margaret if it was true. The would-be bride nodded her head and tried to pull Charles past the inquisitor. The lady turned them over to a policeman, who learned their names, but they did not know on what street they lived, so he sent them to central station, where they were placed in charge of the matron, Mrs. Mary J. Kellogg. It was amusing to watch the tiny couple. Charles is a gallant and most affectionate lover. His arm would steal around Margaret's waist, and he wasn't a bit pleased when she made him remove it. At the station he again asserted his intention of marrying Margaret. He admitted that he was rather young, but said that did not matter. When asked what he wanted for a wedding outfit he said: "A wagon with 15 wheels to haul his wife and her doll that can cry and laugh, and a parasol to keep the warm off."

Charles was asked by Mrs. Kellogg if he really and truly loved Margaret, and he replied, "Yes," promptly. When a like question was put to Margaret she blushed and said "No."

"Say 'Yes,' Margaret," Charles said coaxingly, as he slipped his arm again around her waist, and she obeyed him. "Do you ever kiss Margaret, Charles?" Mrs. Kellogg asked. "No, he don't," Margaret put in. "I won't let him."

"I do when it gets dark," Charles explained.

"Will you kiss her now if I give you a cent?" was asked.

"Yes," Charles replied, and, putting his arms around her, he kissed her as though he was used to that sort of thing.

Their parents took them home about 6 o'clock and explained the children's behavior. There is to be a wedding in one of the families soon, and the babies had both heard a great deal of talk about it.—Pittsburg Post.

It Was an Excellent Dog.

The story is told of Li Hung Chang that during his recent trip some one sent him a present of a beautiful and valuable dog. Li acknowledged the gift, saying that he was not in the habit of eating that particular variety of dog, but that it had been served to some members of his suite and that they had pronounced it excellent.

Worse Than French.

"I cannot understand ze language," said the despairing Frenchman; "I learn how to pronounce ze word 'hydrophobia,' and zen I learn zat ze doctors sometimes pronounce it fatal."

JOSH BILLINGS' PHILOSOPHY.

I don't suppose the biggest phool haz been born yet, but there iz time enuff yet to surprize us all.

The strongest intimacys seems to exist, not between two harts, but where the hed ov one controls the harte ov the other.

There haz menny a woman married a man just for the sake ov getting rid ov herself; this iz a sad waste ov the raw material.

The single wimmin, if they only knu it, holt the ballanse ov power; but, as a general thing, they don't seem to kno how to use it.

Absolute sincerity may exist, but mi trade with human natur haz taught me to be satisfied if i kan find sincerity that will pan 45 cents on the dollar.

If man would only follow hiz reason az clussly az the animals do their instincts, he could afford to take the chances ov the hereafter very coolly.

The man who is allwuss anxious to bet 3 dollars on everything, either haz grate doubts about hiz judgment, or haz got a kounterfit bill he wants to get rid ov.

I hav finally konkluded to take all things just az they cum; the most bitter disappointments I ever hav suffered hav cum from having mi most ardent wishes gratified.

It kosts more money, reckoning time worth a dime an hour, to learn any kind of a game, so that yu kan beat any man playing it, than yu kan win bak if yu liv to be 97 years old.

I have known men and wimmin to bekum thoroly disgusted with the world, and all that thare waz in it, and not understand that it waz themselves they waz disgusted with all the time.

An illustrious pedigree iz a grate burden, and responsibility. To lug around the bones ov a distinguished great-grandfather and do justiss to the bones and kredit to ourselves, iz a cluss transackshun.

The world seldom makes a mistake when called upon to decide between what iz positively false and waut iz positively tru; abstract right and wrong are reached bi instinct, and instinct iz not only honest, but iz smart.

Old bachelors are apt to think that they are very important fellows, when best they are merely ornamental; sumthing like a tin weather kok on the ridge pole ov a barn, that haz rusted fast, and kan't even sho which way the wind blowz.

Rev. P. J. Berg, pastor of the Swedish M.E. church, Des Moines, Iowa, on March 4th, 1890, writes: "Last year I was troubled with a bad cough for about five months. I got medicine from my family physician and I tried other remedies without relief. When I first saw Dr. Kay's Lung Balm advertised I thought I would try it and I am glad I did. I bought a box and took a tablet now and then without any regularity, and after a few days to my great surprise the cough was gone. Ten days ago I had sore throat. I was out of the tablets and could not get them in Des Moines, and I sent to the Western Office of Dr. B. J. Kay Medical Co., Omaha, Neb., for six boxes, and as soon as I took it a few times that soreness and hoarseness all passed away in one night. I believe it is also good for sore throat." Dr. Kay's Lung Balm does not cause sickness at the stomach like many remedies, and is more effectual than any other we know of. Sold by druggists at 25 cents or sent by mail.


Napoleon's Army Before Waterloo.

On the eve of hostilities Napoleon had 124,000 effectives, with 3,500 in his camp train; Wellington had 106,000, but of these 4,000 Hanoverians were left in garrison; Blucher had about 117,000. Neither of the two allied generals dreamed that Napoleon would choose the daring form of attack upon which he decided—that of a wedge driven into the scattered line nearly a hundred miles in length, upon which his enemies lay,—for to do so he must pass the Ardennes. But he did choose it and selected for the purpose the valleys of the Sambre and the Meuse. Allowing for the difference in typography, the idea was identical with that which, nineteen years before, he had executed splendidly in Piedmont.—October Century.

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Birmingham's Parks.

One feature rather surprising to an American is that every park is made for use, there is no fear lest the grass may be injured, but in every ground adapted for them are cricket and football fields, picnic grounds, croquet lawns, tennis-courts, bowling-greens, the use of which is permitted for a merely nominal payment. Every park, large or small, has one or more concerts each week during the summer, paid for by a neighborhood subscription.—The Century.



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The War With Mexico.

The war with Mexico was a war of conquest, and of conquest chiefly it the interest of African slavery. It was also an unjust attack made by a powerful people on a feeble one; but it lasted less than two years, and the number of men engaged in it was at no time large. Moreover, the treaty which ended the war the conquering nation agreed to pay to the conquered \$18,000,000, in partial compensation for some of the territory wrested from it, instead of demanding a huge war indemnity, as the European way is. This treaty also contains a remarkable clause which undertook to impose a mutual obligation to submit future differences to arbitration. The results of the war contradicted the anticipations of both those who advocated and of those who opposed it. It was one of the wrongs which prepared the way for the great rebellion; but its direct evils were of moderate extent. October Atlantic.

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He Was No Fool.

"Are you a single man?" asked a lawyer of a stolid-looking German on the witness stand. "Now you look," was the indignant reply, "bud don't you try to make no shoke mit me shoost because I vas green. Do I look like I vas a double man? Do I look like I vas a Simese dwin? Huh! I am no fool if I am not long in dis guntry."—Harper's Bazar.

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